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Beethoven and Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin.

Having, already, copied from the London *Musical World* a letter addressed to the *Gazette Musicale* by Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin, accusing Mons. Antoine Schindler, the author of a biography of Beethoven, of a false and calumnious statement with regard to certain quartets composed by the great *maestro* for the Prince, we think that it is only our duty to insert also the following.

Reply of Monsieur Antoine Schindler to the Protestation of Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin.

Of all the numerous replies that I have been called upon to make, since Beethoven's death, either concerning him personally or his relations with others, the present one appears particularly likely to prove important on account of the peculiar circumstances connected with it; and I feel happy at having lived long enough to see this mysterious affair of the quartets made the subject of discussion. Unfortunately, I am obliged, at my very first setting out, to state that the affair has been rendered still more obscure than it was, by what the Prince has published. The noble inhabitant of Ukraine has made it more complicated than ever. This will prevent my answer being as short as I might otherwise have wished, and will oblige me to trespass a little upon your space.

When, a short time after the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn, in 1845, Prince Galitzin was pleased to publish, in a Parisian political paper, a long description, which he signed at full length, of his written relations with Beethoven and with the quartets which the latter composed for him, I, as well as the Viennese

lawyer, Dr. Bach, senior, whom the illustrious composer had himself named executor to his will—I, as well as he, I repeat, expected that, at last, some trifling ray of light would clear up the money transactions in question, to which Beethoven had, when dying, especially called his executors' attention. But our hopes were vain; nothing followed this statement, the author of which did not then give it as his opinion that the great man's feelings of honor and delicacy were not on a level with his genius—an accusation against him which is as ignoble and brutal as it is unmerited by Beethoven, and one which we must all have been astonished at reading in the Prince's protestation, that appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig) of the 6th August, and in the letter dated 6th July, and which the Prince addressed to me.

Another person in his place (although not a prince), who had heard nothing of what had been printed in Germany for the last four and twenty years, as, according to his own confession, is the Prince's case, who, even before Beethoven's death, quitted St. Petersburg to join the army of the Caucasus, and since that time has resided in one of the most remote provinces of European Russia,—another person, I say, under similar circumstances, would first have had the prudence to inquire what was the real state of matters which concerned himself, before publishing in Germany and France—perhaps in Russia and Turkey—a tissue of errors, accusing me, at hap-hazard, of calumny. Prince Galitzin forgets himself, in *La Gazette Musicale*, so far as to suspect the German editors of wishing to protect and shield me from him.

He is old, they said; let us wait till he is dead! Such are the dreams of the noble Lord of Ukraine, and such his ideas of the German Press. I can easily understand that it is beneath his dignity to degrade himself so low as to enter into a discussion with a Schindler, "of whom he never heard, and with whose work he is made acquainted." To calm his mind, which I have so audaciously disturbed, I beg to submit to the Prince's consideration the note at the foot of the page.* This august Mæcenas of the Arts must not be allowed any longer to remain in ignorance as to who is the author, unfortunately so obscure on the shores of the Black Sea, of Beethoven's Biography; he must be informed that, during a great number of years, no one was so intimately connected with the great musician as myself; for which reason, in the matter at issue, I was not only obliged to

* In the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Berlin*, 1827, No. 30, under the head of Vienna, for the month of May, is the following notice:—

" * * * Hummel took his farewell of us at the Josephstadt Theatre, in a concert, which in conformity with a previous agreement was for the benefit of Mons. Schindler, formerly the conductor there. Mons. Schindler was, in the fullest acceptance of the term, the faithful Pylades of our late Beethoven; for years past, he managed all his domestic matters, and remained at his side until he breathed his last. Believing that he would recover, Beethoven wished to prove his gratitude by a

cite myself as referee, but also as ocular and auricular witness of what I advanced.

The passage, however, in the Prince's letter to me, which excited my astonishment the most, was the following:—

"But my dealings with Beethoven cost me more than five hundred ducats. How and in what way? You will know this when I publish all the circumstances, and all the particulars, of my relations with Beethoven. I shall publish this account with the greatest repugnance, because I shall there prove that the great man's feelings of honor and delicacy were not on a level with his genius."

Such are the Prince's words. All those who honor Beethoven, must, I am sure, be as impatient as I am myself for the publication of this account, in which, doubtless, the princely feelings of honor and delicacy will not be wanting. It must be proved, however, that the sum mentioned regards Beethoven personally, and not some one or other of his relations. If the latter is the case, any money beyond the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ducats demanded by Beethoven does not concern us.

As I have no hopes of attaining the age of Methuselah, it is, especially for myself, very important that this matter, which the Prince has rendered so obscure, should be satisfactorily cleared up; to which end, the discovery of the Prince's letters to Beethoven, in 1824, might contribute something. The reader will perceive, that the honor of the man who deserved so well of all musicians, and who was to me personally a paternal master and friend, was at stake. When I am gone, who ought, who could, repel any suspicion to which he might then be exposed?

In 1839, when I began Beethoven's Biography, I had left Vienna several years, and was, consequently, obliged to obtain much of my information by letters, to which, strange to say, Dr. Bach alone was able to reply. All that I could glean from the recollections of those who formerly, as well as myself, had frequent dealings with Beethoven, was simply this:—He had resided at Vienna. In reply to my question concerning the one hundred and twenty-five ducats, still remaining due by Prince Galitzin, Dr. Bach replied, that the matter was not yet settled, and that he could not succeed in discovering the Prince's retreat. At the same time, he strongly recommended me to publish this extraordinary case, as well as a general account of all the quartets dur-

new composition which was to be executed for the first time on the occasion. When, however, he perceived that destiny willed it otherwise, he bequeathed this duty to Hummel, whom he again besought, during his last moments, to pay this debt of gratitude to his friend, who had always been so generous and so devoted. Hummel promised, with a broken heart, to do so, and he deferred his departure to fulfil this sacred promise," &c.

The manner in which Beethoven, when dying, took leave of the author of this reply is also preserved in the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Leipzig*, 1827, No. 22, and in the Vienna papers of the same period.

ing more than three years, as well as all of the disagreeable consequences, among which was the request for assistance, which Beethoven made to the *London Philharmonic*, and which was so strongly censured at Vienna.*

In spite of this, all these disagreeable consequences are not in my book! The reader finds no mention of the bitter grief which the great master felt on account of the opinions expressed concerning the last productions of his mind; neither is there any allusion to the fact, that Beethoven's old friend, C. Bernard, left him, because this old friend was in the minority with myself, on the deliberations which took place in the spring of 1824, when Beethoven had submitted to our consideration the question:—After the first performance, which will shortly come off, of the Ninth Symphony, and of the *Missa Solennis*, ought I to write quartets or finish the Tenth Symphony, and then the oratorio of *The Victory of the Cross*, the words for which were written by C. Bernard, and both of which were already sketched out? It is to this fact that we must attribute the reason of Bernard's never consenting to publish any memoir of Beethoven, which is greatly to be regretted. The majority who decided for the composition of the quartets, was composed of Mons. Shuppanzigh, and his brother quartet players (the reason is very evident.) To these must be added Beethoven's brother, John, who was a chemist and druggist. The latter thought he saw in the Prince's letters indications of rich mines of gold on the banks of the Neva, and contributed more than all the rest to the determination ultimately arrived at. We shall presently perceive how this person, in the dedication prefixed to the Op. 124, and, according to his manner of judging everything, was in the habit of exerting his influence on Beethoven.

To what I have here stated, I will add, that before the publication of my book, I sent the manuscript of the third period, containing the affair of Prince Galitzin, to Doctor Bach, for him to look it through. He sent it back with a few additions, and praised my moderation, not only in the matter in question, but in several others, which he himself had been charged to manage, and for which, if necessary, he was ready to answer. Before the second edition of my book appeared (in 1845), I wrote and asked him whether anything new had turned up with regard to Prince Galitzin. His answer was:—No. This distinguished and respected lawyer died at Vienna, in 1847. At present there is in that city only one single man alive who was intimate with Beethoven during the years 1825 and 1826. This person is Mons. Charles Holz, who was employed in the public treasury of the Diet of Lower Austria, and who has been cited as a witness in the matter under consideration. The testimony of Mons. Holz is the most important, since, being a member of Schuppanzigh's celebrated quartet, he was particularly connected with Beethoven, both in business matters and also in those merely requiring his advice. He also rendered him, very frequently, assistance in financial matters.

Let us now examine the evidence of this witness, which was transmitted to me as early as the 23d of August, by Mons. Aloys Fuchs, who said to me in his letter:—

Mons. Holz affirms, 1st. "That your statement of the facts connected with the transmission of the quartets to the Russian is entirely in accordance with the truth."

"2d. That he (Mons. Holz,) never heard of the sum agreed on having been received for any of the quartets save the first, and that he knows what measures Beethoven had to take in Russia in order to obtain this sum, and he often complained to him (Mons. Holz,) that the other sums never came to hand."

"Furthermore, Mons. Holz remarks, that

* I here request the reader's permission to remark that *The Life of Beethoven*, which was published in two volumes in London in 1841, was a literal translation of my book on Beethoven (with the exception of the introduction which is omitted) although on the title-page there is no name save that of Moscheles, who figures as editor.

knowing exactly the state of Beethoven's finances, he must necessarily have noticed the arrival of such a sum (one hundred and twenty-five ducats.)"

This declaration therefore informs us, in addition to what we already know, that Beethoven was obliged to take measures to obtain the payment of his first quartet, a fact which had previously escaped me. What can we now think of the truth of the Prince's statement, when he asserts that, as early as the year 1822, he had already forwarded Beethoven fifty ducats for the first quartet? With regard to the payment of this sum, the Prince then adds:—"I received an answer from Beethoven, whose thanks knew no bounds at my readiness in paying for a work that was not even begun." What! did the proud artist, who never proved false to his principles, in his dealings with the aristocracy, do this? Did he bow so low before the Russian Prince, that his thanks for a few ducats knew no bounds? This is incredible! Some of the public prints, and even the *Gazette Musicale du Rhin*, have received this statement of the Prince as true. May they still retract and maintain the honor of Beethoven inviolate in this affair, as well as in all similar ones!

We know very well that the negotiations with the Russian Prince did not commence before the spring of 1824 (even if a letter had come to hand as early as 1822,) since his propositions were communicated to me. The first quartet, Op. 127, was written during the summer of 1824, and forwarded to St. Petersburg the following autumn. Whoever states that he paid Beethoven before having received the work he had ordered, offers a gross insult to his honor. Beethoven never accepted any payment in advance. None of his publishers can say that he did so. Is it then likely that he should have consented to do so from a stranger, and that actually two years before commencing the work?

Two letters addressed by Beethoven to his publisher, Mons. C. F. Peters, of Leipzig, and printed in No. 21 of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in 1837, prove in what manner the illustrious composer was in the habit of receiving money for his works. He writes as follows, on the 3d of August, 1822:—"All can be delivered before the 15th of this month. I await your orders on the matter, and shall not use your bill of exchange." On the 31st March, 1823, he again writes:—"Do not, as a general rule, forward me the money before you have received intelligence that the work is already sent off." This was his invariable principle in business. I omit the facts connected with the second and third quartets. They will be known soon enough in the action for libel with which the Prince threatens me, if I do not immediately retract what I have stated. This trial may, at any rate, furnish a rich fund of piquant anecdotes for the next biographer of Beethoven.

In his German, as well as his French protestation, the Prince refers to the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna; he adds expressly in his French protestation:—"The incredulous can ask to see the receipt in Beethoven's own hand in the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna, and obtain the corroborated testimony of Mons. Charles Beethoven himself, in the Josephstadt Faubourg, at Vienna."

I acted up to this notice, and cited the text word for word. Messieurs Henikstein and Co.'s answer, bearing date the 4th September, runs as follows:—"In accordance with the wish of Prince Galitzin, they had given the latter, some time ago, all the explanation desired in this affair of Beethoven, and that, consequently, all they could do was to refer me to the Prince, who was the only person capable of explaining the real state of matters!"

Excellent! The Prince refers "the incredulous" to the banker, and the latter refers them, in his turn, to the Prince. Mons. C. Beethoven, too, resides no longer in Vienna. Where does he reside? This is more than Messrs. Fuchs and Holz know. However, what can this nephew of Beethoven know or say, seeing that during the last years of his uncle's life, he was only

rarely near him, and, at the period of his death, as well as many years afterwards, was in the army and absent from Vienna.

At present all that remains for me to do is to answer the following question, put forward by the noble lord of Karkoff (in his German protestation) as his strongest point:—"If Beethoven had any cause of complaint against me, why did he dedicate to me, after the quartets, and without my desiring or even knowing it, the overture, Op. 124?" This dedication was written about the middle of 1825, before the second quartet was finished, and before Beethoven could have any notion of what awaited him in connection with these same quartets. It was written at this period, because Schott, the music-publisher of Mayence, wished to hasten the publication of Beethoven's works (among which was this overture) which he had bought in 1825, and thus all the titles of the different works had to be arranged in their proper order. Moreover, this dedication was written at the pressing desire of Beethoven's brother John. We have already explained the reason of this desire on his part. The *maestro* acceded, in order to escape further annoyance. The title of this work ought rather to have been, "Overture composed by L. van Beethoven, and dedicated to So-and-So by John van Beethoven, chemist and druggist." This production (on which Mons. de Lenz in his work, *Beethoven as a three styles*, has copiously commented) was, as is well known, written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna. On that occasion—30th October, 1822,—I had the honor of being with Beethoven at the head of the orchestra, and was introduced by him into a new artistic career. This overture was printed in the month of January, 1826, and the first quartet, Op. 127, in December, 1825, a whole year after it had been sent to St. Petersburg. Thus was fulfilled the condition on which the Prince insisted, namely, "his desire to be the sole possessor of each of the quartets an entire year before they were delivered to the public."

"In conclusion, let me assure the reader that we are all impatiently looking forward to the Prince's explanations. May they be, in every point, satisfactory, so that there may be no stain on the honor of any of the parties implicated in the transaction. May it be proved that this dispute is only to be attributed to a concatenation of circumstances and chances, or perhaps to the great distance which separates the persons interested in the question—but, then, what of the 500 ducats!

ANTOINE SCHINDLER.

Temperament.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

"T. II." takes exception to the perfect intonation doctrines of your learned correspondent "E. II.," on the ground that the best violinists (as he believes) sharp their major thirds in cheerful music and flat them in sombre passages. Now "T. II." is entirely mistaken as to the practice of the best violinists; as he might have inferred from the well known antipathy of such artists to instruments of fixed tempered scales, like the common organ. His own ears, he confesses, are poor. On examination, he will find the authority on which he made the statement equally fallible.

But let us admit the alleged fact to be true, and also the suppressed inference that the practice of the best violinists is a model of musical excellence. How does all this go to sustain temperament? Where is the analogy between the sliding major thirds of the violinist—now sharp in cheerful music, now flat in sombre passages—and the stationary, immovable, unrelenting major thirds of equal temperament, two-thirds of a comma sharp in every instance, whether cheerful

or sombre music? What could be more grating to the musical sense, in a dirge, for instance, than to hear the organ grinding out its *sharp* major thirds, when—according to “T. H.”—the character of the music requires them to be *flat*. Yet all tempered instruments with only twelve sounds in the octave are tied up to this single major third—and that a false one—and have no resource by which to vary the monotonous discord. We kindly suggest to “T. H.” to put his defence of Temperament on different grounds.

“T. H.” explains in your last number that by a flat major third he does not mean one flatter than the perfect interval, but flatter than the *sharp* third, that is—if we can comprehend a musical nomenclature so unusual and ambiguous—a flat-sharp major third. Whether he intends to apply the same explanation to what he calls the sharp third, he has not yet informed us.

But leaving “T. H.” to employ such musical terms as he pleases, provided he will accompany them with such explanations that we can comprehend them, we have a word to say on his original statement as we *now* understand it. That violinists play their major thirds flatter than the thirds of the organ and piano forte, is very true; but it seems never to have occurred to the mind of “T. H.” what these flat-sharp thirds are. Why they are simply the *perfect* thirds, such as the true theory of music demands, such as the perception of every good violinist only is satisfied with. Such as the “Euharmonic Organ” gives.

W. F. P.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

Your correspondent “T. H.” has answered my first question by a statement more indefinite, if possible, than was his first proposition. He says: “as much as the ear of the player or singer demands.” In illustration of this proposition, which I consider inadmissible, let us suppose an orchestra composed of the usual variety of instruments. Two violinists are playing from the same notes, and it becomes necessary for them to play a note which stands in the relation of a major third in the harmony. One of them receives no sounds as agreeable to his ear, unless tempered according to the system of equal temperament—major thirds two-thirds of a comma sharp—his ear demands this to make the third seem right to him. The other player has cultivated his ear under the mean tone system, in which the thirds are perfect. It must be evident even to “T. H.” that if both follow the *demands of their ears*, discord will be the result.

In regard to the second part of my inquiry: I infer that “T. H.” from his own definition, means a perfect third when he uses the expression *flat*, “in reference to the tone which is already sharper than a true third.” He likes the effect of the interval so long as it is not called by its true name. In this there is no difference between us. When “T. H.” makes up his mind about “a flatter than a flatter than a perfect third,” it is to be hoped that he will inform us in what system of temperament he will classify it?

If music is monotonous unless out of tune, why take so much pains to secure the opposite of this in church choirs? Surely “T. H.” will not contend for this? Did he never enjoy the delight of singing in harmonized pieces without instrumental accompaniment, and feel in his soul

that music was indeed a heavenly thing? If he never has, let me tell him that there is a great pleasure yet for him to learn.

W. H.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. GEIBEL.

And tho' between me and my love
Ye place hill, vale and river,
My song hath wings, nor from my dove
Can ye divide me ever.
A minstrel I, whom all do know
In country and in city;
Henceforth I'll sing, where'er I go,
This one and only ditty:
*I love thee, I love thee, dearest,
Sweet burthen of all my rhymes,
I greet thee with love sincerest
A thousand, thousand times.*

And when I roam the leafy wood
Where finch and onsel flitter,
They'll catch my song, the birdling brood,
And it abroad they'll twitter.
And on the heath the wind will hear,
And spread his wings to wander;
Swift over the stream my song he'll bear,
And over the hills away yonder:
*I love thee, I love thee, dearest,
Sweet burthen of all my rhymes!
I greet thee with love sincerest
A thousand, thousand times.*

J. S. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We give thanks to thee, Ruler of earth and skies!
To thy strength in our weakness we lift our eyes:
We the children of toil, we the sons of the clod,
We praise thee, we bless thee, we give thanks to thee,
O God!

Like the wind-driven clouds, fly the centuries on:
Like the waves, ages break at the base of thy throne:
Man returneth again to the dust he has trod;
Thou only remainest unchanging, O God!

For thy gifts unrequited, unceasing, untold,
Than ruin-drops more countless, more priceless than gold;
For the love that still spareth thy chastening rod
We praise thee, we bless thee, we give thanks to thee,
O God!

O Bountiful! Merciful! Father of all!
O spurn not our prayer, be not deaf to our call;
Thy continuous blessings still scatter abroad,
And we'll praise thee, we'll bless thee, we'll give
thanks to thee, O God!

J.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

It is a curious peculiarity of AUBER, that he hardly ever attends the performance of one of his own operas. “Why go to the theatre,” he asks; “I know the music already, and I should only render myself uncomfortable by going, in case the performance was not equal to my intentions.”

Among the valuable orchestral pieces of the last two years may be reckoned BEETHOVEN'S “Sonata Pathétique.” This magnificent composition, a work of the great master's younger days, was instrumented by Kapellmeister Schindelmeyer, of Frankfort on the Main, and produced there at a concert in March last year. “The adaptation of this distinguished sonata for a grand orchestra,” says a German writer, “could only be undertaken by a musician, who was con-

fidant of his ability to enter fully into the peculiar course of Beethoven's ideas, in a manner beyond that of mere imitation. This has Schindelmeyer done to an extent truly wonderful.” May we not hope some time or other to hear this, and also the orchestral arrangement of the “Marcia Funebre” from the A♭ Sonata, from our own Boston orchestra?

STATISTICS OF THE ROYAL OPERA IN BERLIN. Between October 1, 1851, and March 30, 1852, the following Operas were performed.

Gluck, . . .	<i>Iphigenia</i> ,	2 times.
Mozart, . . .	<i>Figaro</i> ,	2 “
	<i>Zauberflöte</i> ,	1 “
	<i>Don Juan</i> ,	4 “
Weber, . . .	<i>Oberon</i> ,	2 “
	<i>Freischütz</i> ,	5 “
	<i>Euryanthe</i> ,	3 “
Beethoven, .	<i>Fidlio</i> ,	3 “
Lorzing, . . .	<i>Czar and Zimmerman</i> , .	1 “
Mendelssohn,	<i>Heimkehr</i> ,	2 “
Meyerbeer, .	<i>Prophet</i> ,	2 “
	<i>Robert the Devil</i> ,	3 “
	<i>Camp in Silesia</i> ,	3 “
Dorn,	<i>Der Schöffe von Paris</i> , .	4 “
Duke of Saxe		
Coburg, . . .	<i>Caillaud</i> ,	2 “
Flotow, . . .	<i>Marta</i> ,	3 “
	<i>Sophia Cultrine</i> ,	1 “
Boieldieu, . .	<i>La Dame Blanche</i> ,	3 “
	<i>John of Paris</i> ,	2 “
Auber,	<i>Maurer</i> ,	2 “
Cherubini, . .	<i>Die Wasserträger</i> ,	2 “
Spontini, . . .	<i>Olimpia</i> ,	8 “
Belini,	<i>I Capuletti, &c.</i> ,	6 “
	<i>Norma</i> ,	1 “
Donizetti, . .	<i>L'Elisir d'amore</i> ,	2 “
	<i>Lucrezia</i> ,	5 “
	<i>Marie</i> ,	4 “
Rossini, . . .	<i>Il Barbiere</i> ,	4 “

In all, 82 performances, and all in the German language, it being the opinion of the Berliners that even if the singing loses somewhat in smoothness in the Italian opera, the loss is more than compensated by being in the mother tongue of the audience. The houses during the whole season, with few exceptions, were exceedingly well filled.

Among the composers of the Prussian capital is a young lady by the name of EMILIE MATYER. At a concert in the large saloon of the royal theatre in Berlin last season, with the exception of a violin solo of Viextemps, all the music performed was by her. This consisted of a string Quartet, four Songs for soprano and tenor, and finally a Symphony for grand orchestra. The latter was her second work of the kind, but did not equal the expectations raised by her Symphony No. 1, which was highly praised by the critics.

“The first and second classes in the gymnasium of the “Gray Cloister” (zum Grauen Kloster) in Berlin, are soon to perform the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn's music.” The editor adds: “It certainly belongs to the unrecognized blessings conferred by Providence, that no one is obliged to share in an artistic enjoyment of this sort!”

Whether the intention was carried out we cannot say, but judging from what a correspondent has said of the singing in that Gymnasium (No. 26, Vol. I.) the boys would be capable of doing it well. The music is mostly choral, if we remember rightly.

The great Bass Singer of Europe fifty years since, was LUDWIG FISCHER, born at Mayence on the Rhine, 1745. After singing in all the continental capitals, he crossed over to London in 1795, and held the place in that city which

Herr Formes holds now. He was there several times afterwards before he finally left the stage, which was about 1812. He died in 1825. But to our anecdote.

Fischer's voice was one of extraordinary compass, and reached far down below the bass staff, the lower notes being of mighty power. The C below the staff was a favorite note with him, and he embraced every possible opportunity to hold it, swell it to his full power, and then let it die away amid the perfect silence of the house. Once, however, he found his match. He was singing, one evening, an aria, in which he introduced the following passage:



As his tone died away and the intense stillness of the house was about to be broken by the usual thunder of applause, a sailor in the upper gallery took up the tone, and to the astonishment and mirth of the whole audience, robbed Fischer of a portion of his laurels, by closing the aria for him thus:



Cecilia Davies.

A writer in the London *Harmonicon*, July 10th, 1832, gives the following information of the once celebrated songstress noticed by a correspondent in a recent number (Nov. 13) of this *Journal*. Considering her connection with Dr. Franklin, we think our readers will thank us for the extract.

"There is now living in this metropolis (London) the once celebrated CECILIA DAVIES, formerly known in Italy by the name of *L'Inglesina*, who was a most distinguished prima donna, even in the land of song—as then called *par excellence*—sixty-one years ago! At nearly ninety-one years of age she retains all her faculties, is very communicative, and recollects the former events of her life perfectly, which she relates with great distinctness and vivacity. Her circumstances are in anything but a flourishing state, inasmuch that the Royal Society of Musicians recently sent her a donation of ten pounds (I hope it will be repeated half yearly), and out of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund five pounds have been presented to her.

"Through the recommendation of the present amiable Lord Edgecombe, George IV. made her a handsome present and thus enabled her to discharge a number of small debts, which she had unavoidably contracted.

"Miss Cecilia Davies first appeared, in 1771, as prima donna in the last opera that Metastasio wrote and that her master, Hasse, composed, namely, *Ruggiero*. She was an especial favorite with the Empress Queen, Marie Theresa, and had the honor to teach the Archduchesses (afterwards Queens of France, Spain and Naples) to sing and act in the little dramas performed at court on the Empress's birth day. What mutability of fortune!—the instructress and favorite of an Empress and three Queens—the admired of all Europe in want, not of the comforts only, but of the necessities of life!

"Her sister, who was her senior by ten years, had been her only teacher before she became the pupil of Hasse, and so well had she performed her duty, that he complimented her highly on her success. The elder Miss Davies performed in a very superior manner the *Harmonica*, an instrument invented by Dr. Franklin, and presented to her some sixty years ago; it is still in good order, in the possession of a lady who was a favorite pupil of Miss Davies! The *Harmonica*

consists of glasses, resembling sugar basins, fixed one within the other, the larger, or bass ones, on the left side, and gradually diminishing in size through a compass of nearly four octaves, including also semitones. The whole are placed in a frame like a lathe, and put in motion by a pedal, and as the glasses revolve, they are touched by the fingers, the effect being truly beautiful. The performance of the two sisters, Cecilia singing to her sister's accompaniment on the *Harmonica*, was the admiration of the splendid court of Vienna upwards of sixty years ago.

"Some fourteen years ago, on the death of her sister, Miss Davies had a serious illness, which reduced her to great distress; a few friends recommended her to publish a selection of the works of Hasse, Jomelli, Galuppi, &c., which she had in MS. by her; this was done, but for want of publicity, the book, consisting of six charming compositions, has not had that extensive sale which it deserves. An amateur who knew Miss Davies in her zenith, informs us that her style of singing was excellent; her execution rapid, neat, and florid, and her *cantabile* excellent; her shake was close and brilliant, and her enunciation most distinct."

From To-Day.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

O fair retreat, where even now

Art's consecrating footprints shine,
Where Song, with her imperial brow,
Shall hold her sway by right divine!
How fast, with beauty girt around,
Arose that miracle of halls,
As if at music's luring sound
Some weird Amphion built her walls.

Within her gates shall men retire
From care and toil and wasting strife,
And the worn spirit's pure desire
Shall thrill with its immortal life:
From lands remote, in future times,
Art's eager votaries shall press,
And here, in tones of other climes,
The listening multitude shall bless.

And though, beyond old ocean's flood
The homes where their affections dwell,
Stronger than ties of brotherhood,
The power that binds us by its spell:
Oh! not as strangers, they unbar
The gates of music to our throng;
For all earth's people kindred are,
While kneeling near the shrine of Song.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. X.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7. Rhode? Rhode? Who's Rhode? any connection of the island of that name? It is curious to see how when one gets a thing wrong all the rest follow. In Mme. Sontag's abominably prepared programmes two months ago, *Rhodé's* Variations were printed upon them, and so they have gone ever since. Messrs. critics, please leave out that h, and pronounce the name in two syllables, Rodé. There is something or other about Mme. Sontag's singing these violin variations, many years ago, in chatty, gossiping old "Gardiner's Music of Nature," but I have not the book to refer to.

Rodé, by the way, made the acquaintance of Beethoven on a visit to Vienna in 1813, and the great master composed one of his two magnificent Romanzas for the violin for him. That in F? One of Beethoven's letters to a friend in 1813 begins thus:

"WORTHY SIR:—Rodé was indeed entirely right in what he said about me. My health is none of the best and just now my condition in other respects is the most unfortunate of my life," &c.

(What this condition was, see Moscheles' Schindler, vol. I. p. 140.)

Fetis wrote a sketch of Rodé's life, and there is a short account of him in the *London Harmonicon*, 1831.

He was born of German parents at Bordeaux in 1774,

was a pupil of Viotti, in 1800 was appointed solo violin to Consul Napoleon, from 1803 to 1808 was first violin to Alexander of Russia, visited all the European capitals in his professional tours, passed his last year at Berlin, and finally died there in 1830.

The variations are a violin piece, once thought a wonder of execution, but since Sontag made a vocal piece of them, they have become a common vocal performance. I have heard Mme. Köster and Mme. Castellan sing them in the Music Lesson in Rossini's "Barber."

Nov. 10. "The remains of Haydn, the great musical composer, were recently disinterred, in the presence of the authorities, at Vienna, a report having been circulated that whilst his body was exposed in the chapel of the cemetery, the head was removed from the body and taken away. The result of the investigation is not yet made public."

I find this in a country paper, and believe there is something among my musical collections, which will throw light upon the matter. Yes, here it is, at last.

From a letter, dated at Vienna, July 1821, addressed to the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung."

"Prince Esterhazy, during the past winter, had the body of Haydn removed from the God's Acre here to Eisenberg. Upon opening the coffin Haydn's head was found to have been cut off. All possible pains was taken to find it, and at length one was found and placed in the coffin, which however was probably not the right one."

It is pretty clear from this that the extract above given from the American paper cannot be entirely correct.

Nov. 16. A procession in honor of DANIEL WEBSTER has marched through our streets to-day with measured tread and solemn, and melting strains of fashionable airs and polkas! All that the ingenuity of man inspired by reverence and affection could do, was done in decorating in funeral pomp the noble buildings which line our principal streets; the counterfeit presentment of the great departed was raised conspicuous to the view in a hundred places, sometimes in company with that of the Father of his country, sometimes with those, his great compeers, who have but lately preceded him "into the silent land"; men gave up for to-day the pursuit of gain and pleasure; flags draped in mourning waved at half-mast; the city's great bell gave forth its huge voice, expressive of the general sorrow and lamentation; thousands of troops paraded with shrouded banners, and chariots and horsemen all in the trappings of woe; a noble funeral car bore aloft the urn, emblematical of a nation's loss. But all this is not sufficient. The strains of sad and solemn music are necessary on such occasions to aid and give utterance to the deeper feelings of the heart. And so at intervals in the long array marched the city's bands. We listened to catch the familiar tones of those fine old chorales, which for a century and a half were the music of New England—the home of the great departed; or of those, which, since the days of Luther, during the long lapse of three centuries, have ever been felt peculiarly appropriate for ceremonies so imposing; we dared not hope for Beethoven or Mozart, but surely we might expect the sublime strains of Handel's March, or, at all events, the tender strains of Pleyel or Mazzinghi. Whether any of the bands did see fit to leave their usual style of music for one appropriate to the occasion, I know not; for the few to which I listened for a space, grated so harshly upon the feelings, which the thought of Daniel Webster departed called up, that I fled from all sight and hearing of the scene.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25. *Diartist*. But will you answer me one question, and that too honestly and with due reflection? For I doubt if you ever thought of it.

Friend. Yes, I will; for my only object in the argument is to gain information.

Diartist. You like pictures and are a subscriber to that costly publication, the *London Art Journal*. Now do you read it or only look at the pictures—I mean really read the articles on Art, appreciatingly and with pleasure?

Friend. I never did think of it, I confess, and, in fact, I believe you are more than half right, in the opinion which your question implies. If it were not for the pictures I believe I should cease paying for the work.

Diartist. Yes, in that case you would say, as you have just said of *Dwight's Journal*, it is stupid (no compliment to the *Diartist*, by the way,)—and that is only saying in other words that it does not interest you—and it does not interest you, because you have read and thought so

little on the topics of which it treats, and have heard so little music which *is* music. We not only want the means of placing works by the great masters before the people, but we want a musical literature.

Friend. (Eagerly, for he is a great reader, and sincerely believes that the American press is behind none in the world in any department of letters.) No musical literature? What are you thinking of.

Diarist. Well, mention some titles.

Friend. Biographies of Mozart, Haydn, and—and—perhaps not so many works in this department as I thought, but in others, there is certainly no lack. There is Gardiner's *Music of Nature*, Fetis' *Music Explained*, Weber's and Marx's *Treatises on composition*, besides many smaller ones, Mrs. Ellet's *Novellettes of the Musicians*, Hood's *Music in New England*, Bird's *Gleanings*, and any quantity of rudimental works on the art of singing and reading music. In fact I do not recollect so many miscellaneous works as I supposed I should, but then in musical periodicals we have been rich for many years back; and though most of them have been short-lived, still they make a great body of musical reading matter. To say we have no musical literature is simply absurd. Every periodical has more or less of it. I remember several articles on music in the *North American Review*, a very fine one in the *New York Review* by Cleveland, and Sartain, Godey, Graham, the *Whig* and *Democratic Reviews*, have certainly published much on this topic.

Diarist. You have certainly made out a case—and it is a pity that the Royal Library at Berlin cannot get a complete collection of American musical literature; for the musical department of that magnificent collection of books on all other subjects, numbers now *only* some fifty odd thousand volumes! But to the point, allowing that we have a musical literature!

You compare *Dwight's Journal* with Mr. Willis' paper. This you should not do. They do not occupy the same ground. You might as well compare the *New York Tribune* and Morris and Willis' *Home Journal*. The *Musical World* aims, as it seems to me, at diffusing the elements of musical knowledge among the masses in our country and is admirably adapted to that end. A great feature of that journal is the "Musical Studies for the Million," and a most excellent feature it is. And to the same purpose is the fine *practical* correspondence of our musical Nestor, from Europe. Its selections of music are also capitally made, apparently with the same object in view.

The *Journal's* "stand point," to use a Germanism, is different. It is intended rather as a medium for the higher criticism. It records the progress of music in its highest development; it addresses, perhaps too exclusively, a different order of readers, an order in this country necessarily few; those, namely, who have had opportunity to cultivate their tastes so far as, for instance, to attend a concert to hear the *music* and not the *performer*, if you appreciate the distinction. If there was not a sort of prejudice in this country against using the terms, I should say, the *Journal* is the organ of the musical aristocracy, the *World*, that of the democracy—an aristocracy, however, of which any person can become a member by simply cultivating his taste—to which very end the *democratic* periodical is powerfully working. For my own part, I can see no rivalry between them, and should be greatly disappointed could I not have both on my desk every Saturday night.

Friend. I do not fully understand you.

Diarist. In your bookcase I saw the other day Shakspeare, and on the children's shelf a portion of Berquin's *Children's Friend* and Mrs. Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*. In both the latter are dramas for children. Your little boy reads these with pleasure; but when have you found him reading *Hamlet* or *Lear*? You would not then take him to hear Hudson's Lectures on those two plays. He must read, think, learn a vast deal before he can listen with profit or pleasure to Hudson. Now allow me the egotism of a little personal history.

Some dozen years since, I could read the psalm book through and carry my part in all the tunes. I had even aspired to be leader of the choir. I had lived in the house with poor Nolcini and had therefore heard very fair piano-forte and violin playing. I was familiar with all the easy glees in the Boston Glee Book, and could *feel* the influence of a flat seventh in transposing the scale.

With all this musical knowledge in my head I came about that time into the neighborhood of Boston. In music I was just where your boy is in regard to Shakspeare, and just as it would be with him at a lecture by Hudson, was it with me at a musical lecture by W. W. Story. It conveyed no idea to me—was all a tissue of high flying nonsense—a huge mass of bombast—I left the room. Time passed on and Hach's Magazine—I have bought it since for a few cents a volume!—and that chatty, queer mixture of good sense and absurdity—delightful reading for all that—Gardiner's *Music of Nature*, awakened ideas, instructed me, shewed me that I was not competent to judge of Story's Lecture. Then followed the musical essays in the *Harbinger*, and the splendid articles in the *Westminster Review*, and the thought came up, that after all by studying music, one may find something in it as he does in Virgil—about the senior year in college. The first hearing of the "Messiah" was exceedingly tiresome; for music being still little more than a sensual gratification through the ear, that poor organ became weary. The first symphony! I had begun to see what music might be possibly—a something mighty, huge, oppressive even, because I felt that it was a language, but one to which I had no grammar and lexicon. Afterwards, I joined a society and studied—studied "Samson," and the meaning of music opened to me, and Story's Lecture, Dwight's Essays, translations from the German Musical writers even, became pages of light, and when afterward the "Messiah" was patiently rehearsed, I felt that Rochlitz, the greatest of all musical essayists and critics, had good reason to put that mighty work at the head of all oratorios.

As your little boy by degrees will grow up mentally and intellectually to Hamlet and Macbeth, and will read with the writings on Shakspeare by Schlegel, Gervinus, Hudson and Dana, precisely so does one *grow up* to a love for, and appreciation of, the higher walk of musical criticism, to which, by the way, as a general thing, do not belong the newspaper paragraphs on Lind, Alboni or Sontag.

(The Diarist pursues the conversation—or *preaching*, as Lamb said to Coleridge—no farther. There may be too much of it already.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 27, 1852.

Opening of the New Music Hall.

The long expected opening festival came off punctually on Saturday night, and proved but the beginning of a whole volley of festivals fired off in quick succession. Such was the desire to see and hear in the new hall, and such the wealth of musical material collected in our city at the time, that there ensued spontaneously a week of musical ovations. In all of these the hall itself came in for a larger share of interest than orchestra or prima donna or composer. It was a new thing, a hitherto untried thing, for our great musical public to find itself together *en masse* in an at once spacious, magically beautiful, safe, comfortable, and to the ear truth-telling temple of sweet sounds.

The opening drew an audience of near 2500, not quite filling all the seats. Many waited, more attracted by the promise of the second night. Having easily found our way, by ample corridor and stair-case, to our seats in the first end balcony, opposite the stage, our marvel at the general beauty of the scene was not greater than that at seeing how the well-dressed multitude around us and below us kept silently and mysteriously increasing at every point, through the forty doors of floor and balconies, like spring water softly rising in its basin. And the low general murmur, pervading the assembly, like

the breeze in the pine-groves, was tuned to the unmistakable key-note of admiration. Each felt himself a part in the general harmony, both seen and felt. In the blended impression of height, area, fair proportion, chaste detail and decoration, harmonious coloring, magical illumination, it was hard to single out an element of the scene wherewith to commence a description. Yet, if we would be truest to the live impression of the moment, we suspect it was the novel mode of lighting which in most persons prompted the first words of surprise. Bathed in that soft, rich, mellow light, your eyes were charmed involuntarily upward to its source, and fastened for sometime to the belt of innumerable jets of flame, which like an intensified glow-worm, lay all along the cornice on the summit of the four walls. This lofty chain of gas jets, fifty feet above the floor, and lit from a concealed passage-way in the wall behind the cornice, just wide enough for a small man to walk through, with scarcely his head visible to those below, pours down a flood of mellow light, along the richly stained walls and balconies and upon the peopled floor of the hall, without the slightest impertinent assistance from chandeliers or burners hung anywhere within the range of the eyes to dazzle and torment them. The musicians themselves require no other light; they read their notes better by this soft but equal light, than by the distracting glare of thrice as much light placed nearer them. Perhaps it does not show off the flashing jewelry and tinsel of full dress, in the best way to dazzle vulgar fancies; but it reveals each face and figure in the audience, (only allowing for distance as you would in the day-time) with that distinctness and purity of outline which objects wear in the warm amber glow of some of our glorious sunsets; and it is just that soft, subdued, ideal and religious light in which the mind surrenders itself most genially to the unbroken spell of music.

But it is not the light alone, it is the blending of the light with the warm, delicate, harmonious coloring of the interior, that makes the atmosphere so rich. Too much credit cannot be given to the fine taste that has designed and executed all this. The peculiarity of this coloring is, that it is as if the sun himself had been the painter. There is a soft rosy suffusion over the walls, seeming to play through various shades of violet and purple as you see it under different aspects, which looks as if a reflection of the sunset were stealing in from without; and all the ornaments and mouldings, the pilasters and latticed fronts of the balconies, and the light doors that swing in and out at intervals behind each balcony, along the sides, are in harmoniously contrasted neutral tints, (flesh, citron, malachite green, &c.) touched only here and there with a few salient lines and points of gold, so that all is luxuriously rich, while there is nothing offensively brilliant.

Fifty feet, we said, from the floor to the blazing belt, or crown of lights! Fifteen feet higher hangs the ceiling, with its deep sky-blue diamond-shaped spaces, opening through massive bars of framework, which are cream-colored, and bordered with a gold fillet. Throwing your head back you gaze as it were up into the star-spangled sky. This ceiling, which is a flat parallelogram, falls considerably within the dimensions of the floor; its sides are met by arches, springing from the tops of the pilasters, which,

with their chaste Corinthian capitals relieve the four walls; in the recesses of which arches are cunningly scooped out (not without regard also to acoustic needs) the semi-circular windows, the only avenues of light by day. Immediately above the lights, in the arches between the pilasters, are nineteen ventilators, five and a half feet wide each, whose action is of course much promoted by the great heat there concentrated. When we had got so far used to the beauty of the scene that we could reflect upon the rationale of our comfort, breathing good air there in that multitude for two hours and more, we could contrast the admirable provision for ventilation with all that we had known and suffered in all other halls, however large. To listen with clear heads to music, even if the sounds dwindle somewhat in such vast area and height, is better than to try in vain to enjoy or feel the grandest bursts of harmony with brain bound up and stupefied by air that has been breathed over and over through thousands of lungs till it has lost all vitality.

The great height of the ceiling (65 feet), though it staggers at first many preconceived acoustic notions, for the most part mere habits, is supposed to be in about the best proportion to the length and width of the hall, which are respectively 130 and 78 feet; thus conforming nearly to the old rule of two cubes, but *precisely* to the two simplest ratios of vibrating strings, namely that of 1 to 2, and 3 to 5, which produce the two most perfect accords, of octave and fifth. (Read our correspondent on "Acoustic Architecture" in the last number.) And here we come to the skeleton and foundation part of our description, for we entered at once upon the living scene, and noted first the color, aspect and expression of the hall, the fluid general harmonies, which always catch the mind first, before stopping to take the form and measure of its structure. These statistics have been repeated in all the papers, so that we need not enter into any very elaborate detail.

We began at the top. The lights drew us there. As the eye now returns from its wanderings over the superb ceiling and slides down by the graceful white pilasters, with their capitals tipped with gold and shaded with the blue of the ceiling, and over the slightly panelled, rose-grey walls, you take in the large and elegant proportions of the ample area, "scarcely invaded" by the light balconies with latticed fronts, and rimmed with crimson velvet, which run around three sides of the room, and mostly only wide enough to hold three rows of seats. The upper balcony is forty feet below the ceiling (we mention it for the relief of the New York editor, who feared that the heads of its occupants would be roasted by the gas lights on the cornices!) Over the end section of this balcony, that is in the middle of the end wall, is a niche, whence the full length statue of BEETHOVEN, (from the plastic hands of our countryman Crawford,) it is hoped, will ere long look down across the crowds of his admirers over upon the orchestra of his interpreters. The lower balcony is of the same width on the sides, but wide enough at the end to admit of five rows of seats, rising one above another to the front of the upper end balcony. These galleries are supported from the walls without columns, except the broad end of the lower one which rests on several slender, delicate green-tinted iron shafts. Behind each balcony, elegant little doors, seven on each side, of fairy light-

ness, open into the spacious corridors by which visitors pass, outside of the hall, to the immediate vicinity of their seats, and which may also serve as promenades and excellent sounding galleries. A peep through the latticed glass of one of these doors into the lighted hall, reveals a charmed element; no where does the warm light and coloring appear so magical.

And now we glance down upon the level floor, upon the gay medley dresses of some fourteen or fifteen hundred people, comfortably seated upon parallel ranges (slightly curved in towards the stage) of oval-backed seats, each with its little white porcelain number-plate upon its top, covered with stuffed figured damask, and appearing, as you look across them when empty, like an army of upheld shields. The floor too, is entered by corridors, through seven doors upon each side.

The orchestral end of the hall (towards Winter Street) is quite imposing, though its uses do not admit of all that architectural display which the critical eye might there demand. The front of the stage is five feet above the floor, with a level fore-ground for the orchestra and principal singers, and then rising by seven steps, which run the whole width of the hall from balcony to balcony, to the superb screen of Arabesque open wood work, exquisitely colored and gilded, which covers the noble arch, in a corner of which now nestles the temporary organ from the Melodeon, no longer a giant in its place. These steps on Saturday night were made into cushioned seats, from which looked down some five hundred chorus singers face to face with the audience.

Of the convenient orchestra rooms and drawing rooms, of the small hall below, arranged amphitheatrically, and holding nine hundred persons, of the offices and safe place for deposit of musical library, &c., the heating and ventilating apparatus, and so on, we have not room to speak. Nor must we forget that we are assembled for the opening festival, and that the ear, above all other senses, is expected to make its report.

Let us begin with reasonable precaution about first impressions. Fairly to settle the acoustic character of a new hall, of altogether unwonted magnitude, we must be familiar with all sorts of music in it, under all sorts of circumstances, for at least several weeks. It is not time yet to pronounce its triumph or its condemnation. We only answer for some personal experiences, more or less confirmed by others, which shall go on accumulating for some time before we shall dare combine them into any theory or judgment.

The experience of Saturday was a mixed one; we heard much satisfactorily, much unsatisfactorily. There was everything to interfere with perfect unity and clearness in the performance and in the impression of the music. In the first place the programme was a heterogeneous and clumsy one; necessarily so, because there was given so difficult a problem to solve, that, namely of combining into one evening's entertainment so many local musical societies, with foreign talent, so many kinds of music and so many masters. The result was that almost every arrangement and every item in the programme was a compromise. A whole day's festival, of three distinct and different performances, would have been a less embarrassing matter to arrange. Again there was a general nervousness, sense of

confusion and hurry among the performers, as there always is where extraordinary combinations are attempted. There had been but very little rehearsal, at least in the new hall itself; and in that little, the performers, not at home in the strange great place, felt not the reaction of their own sounds as much as usual, and so lost confidence in themselves and began to have fears that the hall was hard to sing in, if not hard to hear in; nor did they know precisely how their singing ought to feel to them even in a perfect hall of such unusual size. Some quarrelled with the height of space above, some with the carpet and the cushioned seats beneath them. These, by the way, were but experimental; the first trial of the hall, with bare floor, having disclosed a vast deal of reverberation, which it was thought best to counteract by every means; possibly the corrective had been carried a little beyond the mark, and it will be the easiest thing in the world to retrace a step or two. Again five hundred singers on the stage, were more deadening than sixty carpets to the instrumental music. Again, in the auditorium, the buzzing tongues of those too taken up with novel sights to hear or let hear; the constant shifting of seats, to try the hall from every point, &c. &c., made all vibration seem confused and feeble.

The first overture, to *Zauberflöte*, did not tell with much effect. It was neither heard well nor played well. The Fund orchestra, too, for some reason, was by no means full in numbers. Of that, the hall rendered but a feeble and confused report. The same nearly was the fate of the *Oberon* overture. The Andante of the C minor Symphony, which it has grown a habit with them to play well, fell upon the ear with more distinctness. Beethoven's "Hallelujah" Chorus, sung without life or precision by the Handel and Haydn Society, who had grown unfamiliar with the music for years, and bunglingly accompanied, also rendered but a faint and uncertain sound. Many marvelled: Is our hall a bad one? Wait. "The Heavens are telling," sung by both societies, rang out grandly, save and except the Trio, which was any thing but telling—why? O hall, for it is politest to ask you. The delicate and lovely chorus from "St. Paul," by the Musical Education Society, was heard with perfect distinctness in every corner of the hall, even its finest *pianissimo* passages. The hall said it was sung well. The sublime Handel's "Hallelujah," by the whole five hundred, at the close, resounded more sublimely than we ever heard it before in any place. Then at length did the architectural harmony and grandeur of the scene ring and resound. Who doubted then about the fitness of the hall for massive oratorio performances? ALBONI's large and luscious tones told upon every ear with roundness and distinctness; and certainly it cost her but the smallest effort, for she appeared more nonchalant, if possible, than is her wont. Only when encored in the last piece, *Non piu mesta*, did she become somewhat excited and sing (to the spirit—she had already sung perfectly enough to the ear) twice as well as the first time. Alboni, we are assured, declared herself delighted with the hall, and said she sang in it with perfect ease. In her duet, substituted for the trio, from "the Barber," with Sig. ROVERE, the baritone of the latter filled the hall with ease. Nor must we forget the admirably precise, well-blended and shaded perform-

ance of the German "Liederkranz," of forty male voices, under Herr KREISSMANN. Their first, a hunting piece by Mendelssohn, was marred by a loud accompaniment of trombones; but the second, that exquisitely soft and tranquil night song, by Lenz, to Goethe's words: *Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, &c. was sung without accompaniment, with rare perfection of ensemble and regard to piano and crescendo. Some of it was like the breath of evening softly whispering through the trees; and no syllable of the melodious whisper was lost in that hall. The Germania Serenade Band played the Polonaise: "Greeting to the Fatherland," a piece involving much florid execution, with all the unity of tone and feeling, all the contrast of spirit and of delicacy, which one could suppose possible to their eight brass instruments; and to those tones the large hall lent the magic almost of the open air.

Well here, among some disappointments, were some admirable symptoms. The truest voice tones, it appears, told well; the Alboni tones found all that space obedient and responsive to their vibrations. The well-rendered portions of the great choruses, both the thunders and the whispers, never were heard to more advantage. The organ, it has been proved, sounds finely for its size; not so, however, if in any stops it happen to be out of tune; and the new "Euharmonic Organ" proves, if nothing else, that what is in perfect tune tells farther than what is false and tempered. May it be then, that the new hall is a terrible truth-teller, muffling and smothering uncertain sounds, (or rather, so exposing every faltering and rebellious tone that the whole drags confusedly,) and only favoring the truth? That were indeed a great virtue in a hall. A true container and reflector of sound should possess, one would think, just that virtue. Another capital virtue in this hall we noted then, and note it ever since. It is, that every tone, high or low, loud or soft, in whatever part of the room heard, is brought to the most precise termination; with the value of the note the sound utterly ceases; no after-vibration is left overlapping upon the succeeding notes. If sounds do not always smite you with the force they would in a hall like the Melodeon, if they are less ponderous and noisy, they are at all events much more distinct and neatly outlined. A refined ear in music will soon learn to value this discovery.

As we said before, the orchestral sounds, especially of the strings, fell with the least volume and vitality upon the ear. Whether it was that the musicians did not play well, owing to the nervousness of the occasion, or to their not having become used to the hall, or whether the hall itself was bad for such music, we could not then decide. We would be honest even to a fault in recalling our experiences that evening; let no one take offence, since we are all interested to find out the truth. The audience seemed delighted with the feast, of ear, and eye and soul; and, lingering in parties here and there to take a last look of the magic scene, the crowds mysteriously melted away through all the forty doors aforesaid. Commonly three minutes would suffice to empty the main hall of any crowd it could contain. We understand that about \$1,000 were realized, over expenses, to go toward an organ fund.

To the above acoustic experiences add, that on the next (Sunday) morning, the Rev. Theodore Parker, whose voice is by no means a very strong one, was distinctly heard in every corner of the hall by an overflowing audience.

THE SACRED CONCERT on Sunday evening, given by Mme. SONTAG and the Handel and Haydn Society, at one and two dollars a seat (and speculators' profits added to that) completely filled floor and balconies and standing places in the corridors of the new hall. The entire performance was most satisfactory. The *Stabat Mater*, whether we consider the solo voices, or the unimpeachable delivery of the choruses, or the fine accompaniment by the Germania orchestra, under the perfect conductorship of ECKERT,

was never before performed so well, nor heard to such advantage in our city. Mme. Sontag's fine voice has in none of her concerts told with such effect, at least where we sat, far back in the open area of the floor; truly one of the best tests of the sound-transmitting capacity of the hall. In the *Inflammatus* she seemed to surpass herself in grandeur and loftiness of style and penetrating power of voice, and she was grandly upborne by the chorus. In the *Quis est homo* duet, she was nobly seconded by the rich low tones of Miss LEHMANN, who also sang the *Fac ut portem* very finely. There was no lack of resonance to the tones of either voice; nor was there to the delicate tenor of Sig. POZZOLINI, who did justice to the *Cujus animam*. BADIOLI was superb as ever in the *Pro Peccatis*, his ponderous, rich tones not smiting and overwhelming you as sometimes in the Melodeon, but only rounded by the greater space to more appreciable volume. On the foundation of his firm bass, the unaccompanied quartet: *Quando Corpus*, chromatic as it is, was sung in perfect pitch and with all the expression that belonged to that most beautiful number of the *Stabat Mater*. Mme. Sontag sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as so consummate an artist could not help singing it, but with no peculiar loftiness or genuine fervor of expression; that song was not inspired with her.

There were fewer instruments than on the preceding night, yet this time there was no complaint of their not sounding well. The people came less for patriotism this time, and more for music, and the music was most keenly enjoyed. Music Hall stock might have been said to be on the rise that evening.

The MUSICAL FUND Rehearsal, Monday afternoon, drew an immense assembly to the new Hall. Even standing places were in much demand. We rejoiced in the fact, for this was "music for the million" (only 25 cents admission), and music of a higher order than you commonly get at high-priced concerts. The old Fifth Symphony, and other good selections told with more effect, we thought, than at the Festival. Still the orchestra was not full enough in its string department, nor used enough to the great place, to do itself entire justice. *Warte nur!* as the "Liederkranz" sang on Saturday:—just wait a while!

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. On the evening of the same day more music for the million, and of the most substantial order. Another "full dress rehearsal" (?), at which were given the chief portions of the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Fund orchestra, who furnished the accompaniment,—it might be said exclusively, for the organ soon gave out, leaving Mr. Miller's skillful hands minus a vocation. About 1500 hearers were present; this left free passage over all parts of the house, which we improved to learn the effect of sound. The choruses were all delivered with precision, emphasis and fervor, and wherever we sat, on floor or balcony, near or far off, their volume told impressively. Never have we enjoyed anything more than the "Hallelujah," from our lofty perch in the corner of the upper balcony, whence we could look down into the books of the singers, and whence too one drinks in the fullest luxury of the scene,—harmonies of sight blended with those of hearing.

Under the broad end gallery, far off as possible, we heard Mr. ARTHURSON'S voice in "Every Valley" perfectly, though it broke once or twice from hoarseness. But why did he ornament and twist the Handel melody so out of its noble simplicity! The ear was disappointed of the tones of certainly a rich and sympathetic Contralto in "O, thou that tellest" and "He was despised," which somehow drooped continually from true pitch. Imperfect intonation also deadened the clear ring of an otherwise good and uninteresting soprano. But the silvery true tones of Mrs. WENTWORTH in "There were Shepherds" and "Come unto him," penetrated with entire vitality to every corner of that space. So too "I know

that my Redeemer liveth," in which Miss WEBB gave very high satisfaction. In her first effort: "Rejoice greatly," it seemed a labored rejoicing, as if she sang prepossessed with the idea of the great difficulty of the hall. So edifying a concert, as this was on the whole (and so cheap), ought at any time to crowd the Music Hall.

MME. SONTAG'S FAREWELL, on Tuesday night, again filled the hall to overflowing. So far as we can learn from witnesses in all parts of the house, that concert, by its full, clear, undisturbed resonance, absorbed and did away with the last lingering vibrations of any unfavorable impressions got at the first rehearsals. The carpet had been taken from the stage and cane-bottomed chairs substituted for stuffed seats, and though half the choir was invaded by audience, Mme. Sontag and all her aids were heard perfectly and sang, as they declare, with perfect ease. Far under the end gallery, on the floor, her softest tones and finest *floriture*, (in which she indulged largely, it being one of her ordinary programmes), reached us with a distinctness which was a marvel to us in that place. So of the orchestra ("Germanians," with local aid); and so too of little Paul's violin; if one violin could pervade the place so satisfactorily, what is to prevent it in an entire orchestra? We have no room to enter further into particulars of this very brilliant and enthusiastic concert.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE. No. VI. of the interesting papers on this subject is unavoidably postponed till next week.

The New Hall and this week of festivals crowd out almost all else.

Musical Intelligence.

THE "GERMANIANS" commence their evening series to-night in the New Hall. There will of course be a brilliant assembly. The programme is rich and various, though with hardly so much of the substantial as the past has given us a right to expect from these artists. What are extra attractions, singers, &c., to fill the vacuum of no whole Symphony? But of the songs one is the *Fregeschütz Scene*, and the singer is of high report. Curiosity will be gratified, too, by a first taste of some of the much discussed Richard Wagner music.—Public Rehearsals begin next Wednesday.

ALBONI'S farewell was announced for last evening. She has sung this week at New Bedford and Providence, and goes immediately to sing in opera at Havana.

ALFRED JAEHL gives a grand concert in the Music Hall next Friday, assisted by the Germania orchestra. (See announcement.) A Concerto, by CHOPIN, should be a rare feast.

Mr. Jaell's first Classical Soirée, too, it will be seen, offers a most choice and admirable programme. Entire Trios both of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, entire Sonatas of the same, Songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Mozart, and by such artists:—what could be finer? Verily, Mr. Dresel's coming seems to have quickened Mr. Jaell's memory of his higher vocation.

Advertisements.

ALFRED JAEHL BEGS LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL Concert,

To take place on
FRIDAY EVENING, December 3d, 1852,

AT THE
BOSTON NEW MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY
MME. SIEDENBURG, HERR KLEIN, HERR DRESEL, and the
Germania Musical Society.

MR. JAEHL will perform for the first time in America, a Grand Concerto by Chopin, with full Orchestra. Tickets to all parts of the hall, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, \$1. On Wednesday, Dec. 1st, sale of \$1 tickets; on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2 and 3, sale of 50 cent tickets; and remaining \$1 seats, at Wade's 197 Washington St. Fifty cent tickets may also be had at the Hotels, music-stores, and at the doors.

